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No. 2

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WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

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CONTENTS

- ✓ ABRAHAM LINCOLN, A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE . . .
MARSHALL S. SNOW 63
(*Dean of Washington University, St. Louis*)
- ✓ ABRAHAM LINCOLN, MASTER . . . REV. CLARENCE F. SWIFT 67
- ✓ LINCOLN AS A MASTER OF EXPRESSION JOHN F. GENUNG 80
(*Professor of Rhetoric, Amherst College*)
- A FOREIGNER'S IMPRESSION AND ESTIMATE OF LINCOLN
FREDERICK TUCKERMAN 85
- ✓ THE ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
(*The late*) GEORGE E. CURRIE 87
- ✓ LINCOLN AT PETERSBURG REV. C. C. CARPENTER 95
- THE OLD CROWN POINT ROAD . (*Concluded*) MARY E. BAKER 99
- EARLY EXPERIMENTS IN PAPER MONEY IN AMERICA . .
(*First Paper*) ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS 105
- GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK
(*Chapter XIII*) CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN 111

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

THE portrait on the opposite page* is printed from a negative taken just before Mr. Lincoln left his home in 1861 to assume the office of President. I am informed that no copies of this were used until about two years ago. It seems that the intimate friends of Mr. Lincoln, and possibly some members of his family, thought that the picture looked too much like that of a rough, unpolished man to appear as the likeness of the President of the United States. This picture is now in my study, and as I look at it daily I am continually reminded of an occasion before Mr. Lincoln was President, when I, for the only time in my life, saw him and heard him speak.

About the first of March, 1860, Mr. Lincoln went to New York and there delivered in the Cooper Union a famous speech, which ranks among the best of his political addresses. His son, Robert T., since then a man of distinction as Minister at the Court of St. James, and later as Secretary of War in Garfield's Cabinet, was then a student in the Senior class at Phillips' Academy, a famous preparatory school in the town of Exeter, New Hampshire, where I was then preparing for college.

After Mr. Lincoln's address in New York, perhaps to secure a few days of change and rest, he visited his son at Exeter. In those days the State and the local elections in New Hampshire were held in the spring; political feeling was then running high all over the country, and especially in the little State of New Hampshire. The Republican Club of Exeter arranged with Mr. Lincoln to speak upon the political issues of the day, and on Saturday evening, March third, Mr. Lincoln deliv-

* At the last moment we were unable to secure the illustration meant for our January frontispiece; and as there was no time to obtain another, we used the portrait of President Lincoln, which otherwise would have appeared this month.—[Ed.].

ered in the Town Hall practically the same address which he had given a few days before in New York.

We boys in the Academy were greatly excited by the coming event. None of us thought of Mr. Lincoln then as a candidate for the Presidency. We, who thought we were stalwart Republicans, were eager for Mr. Seward, who was regarded in New England as well as in some other parts of the country as the natural candidate for that office. We had, to be sure, heard much of Mr. Lincoln's famous debate with Judge Douglas, in the race for senatorship in Illinois two years before; but our greatest eagerness, after all, was to see the father of Robert Lincoln, "Bob," as we always called him. Bob Lincoln was a very popular young fellow, a gentleman in every sense of the word; quiet in manner, with a certain dignity of his own. He was a very good fellow, however, and always ready for any good time and clean fun. He was very popular with the girls of the town as well as with the boys. He was what would be called nowadays a "good dresser," and always looked as well as acted the part of the gentleman. So we wanted to see and hear the father of our friend.

On the night of the address we were all there, sitting together near the platform. The hall, which would seat eight or nine hundred people, was a very large and handsome one for a village of only about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and was filled early in the evening. Ladies as well as gentlemen were there, and both political parties were well represented. About eight o'clock Professor Wentworth, with whose exciting works on mathematics some of you * are more or less familiar, at that time president of the Republican Club of the town, walked upon the platform followed by two strangers. One was Judge Underwood ** of Virginia, an ardent Republican, a great friend of Mr. Lincoln, and a man of large influence among the Union element of the old state of

* This address was made before the students of Washington University, St. Louis, February 12, 1909.

** Judge John Curtiss Underwood (1808-1873) was destined to figure prominently in the Rebellion. "In 1861 he was appointed Judge of the District Court of Virginia. Early in the conflict he affirmed the right of the Government to confiscate the enemy's property, and also maintained the civic rights of colored citizens. In his district Jefferson Davis was indicted for treason, and in June, 1866, he refused to admit him to bail. He was bitterly assailed for his Union sentiments, and was forced into litigation on account of his confiscation decree."—*Cyclo. of Am. Biography*, VI.

Virginia. He was very short and very stout; when he sat down upon the somewhat high chair which was reserved for him, his feet failed to touch the floor and hung rather helplessly. The other gentleman was Mr. Lincoln—tall, lank, awkward; dressed in a loose, ill-fitting black frock coat, with black trousers, ill-fitting and somewhat baggy at the knees. He also sat down in a chair reserved for him and, after some difficulty, succeeded in arranging his long legs under or about the chair. My eyes were all for Mr. Lincoln. I saw a man whose face impressed me as one of the most interesting as well as one of the saddest and most melancholy faces that I had ever seen. His hair was rumpled, his neckwear was all awry, he sat somewhat bent in the chair, and altogether presented a very remarkable and, to us, disappointing appearance.

Judge Underwood was introduced as the first speaker, and delivered, as I am told, a very able speech. I confess I heard none of it, nor did those of my friends who sat near me. We sat and stared at Mr. Lincoln. We whispered to each other, "Isn't it too bad Bob's father is so homely? Don't you feel sorry for him?" Our feelings were mingled ones of curious interest in the face of this melancholy-looking man and of sympathy with our friend, his son.

At last Judge Underwood concluded his speech, and Mr. Lincoln was presented to us. He rose slowly, untangled those long legs from their contact with the rounds of the chair, drew himself up to his full height of six feet four inches, and began his speech. Not ten minutes had passed before his uncouth appearance was absolutely forgotten by us boys, and I believe by all of that large audience. For an hour and a half he held the closest attention of every person present. I cannot recall the details of his speech, which I afterwards read with great care among his published addresses, but I remember how we were carried away with the arguments, with the style, and with the rapid change now and then from earnest, serious argument to something which in a humorous fashion would illustrate the point which he was endeavoring to make. His face lighted up and the man was changed; it seemed absolutely like another person speaking to us, from the man who had sat upon his chair looking as if he hadn't a friend in the world. There was no more pity for our friend Bob; we were proud of his father, and when the exercises of the evening were over and the opportunity was

offered for those who desired to meet Mr. Lincoln, we were the first to mount the platform and grasp him by the hand. I have always felt that this was one of the great privileges of my life. That evening fastened itself upon my memory in a most remarkable fashion.

The picture which I have in my possession is the man as I saw him then, and as I always remembered him afterwards, whether I thought of him in those days of sadness when he was listening to the reports of the battle-field and hearing of the loss of thousands of noble men, or when he was addressing, sometimes crowds and sometimes but a few, whom he was endeavoring to convince of his own sincerity and honesty in preserving the Union of the United States.

The growth of his beard after I saw him has always seemed to me to have lessened somewhat the apparent strength of the lower part of his face. I never think of him as a man with a beard, but as the man whose jaw was smooth and showed his strength of character, and whose eyes above were full of all the sympathy and love of the friend of his country. I saw that face before me as I saw it in 1860, when I read of his delivery of that matchless address at Gettysburg, which has become one of the classics of the English tongue. I can see it before me as I read that beautiful letter which he wrote to Mrs. Bixby of Boston, full of consolation for her in the loss of five sons in defense of the Union; a letter couched in such beauty and sincerity of expression as to make it worthy of being placed side by side with the Gettysburg address. In one of the colleges of Oxford University, in England, this letter has been placed, suitably framed, upon the wall of one of its rooms, deemed worthy of this high honor by the Oxford professors, for its dignity and beauty of sentiment and language.

I have tried to give you an impression made upon me when I was but a lad, by this man who was to be one of the great, the immortal men in this world's records. I do not think that I read into this feeling which I had for Mr. Lincoln's appearance and presence anything which has come to me in later years. That may be possible, but I do not think it is so. The Mr. Lincoln whom I now think of and whose centennial day we now celebrate is to me the sad, strong Lincoln whose picture stands upon the mantel in my study.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

MARSHALL S. SNOW.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, MASTER.

THE first duty laid on any man who speaks of Lincoln is that he become a specialist; he must narrow his field.

What phase then of this career, that touches the life of the nation at so many points, shall we deal with? From what angle of vision shall we study this many-sided man?

To-day I shall only hint at the historic background, and shall assume a knowledge of the story of the Revolution; of the forming of the Nation and the Constitution; of the "era of good feeling" when there was but one political party; then another kind of era, with two parties, sharply divided by the difference between "Nation" and "nation"; that difference becoming mixed, in the day of Lincoln, with the slavery issue.

I shall pass by the service Lincoln rendered the Nation, how he became "a Moses to a dusky Israel," and "saved the Republic without veiling the Statue of Liberty."

I shall refrain from giving a biography of his life as such.

I shall even resist the temptation to take up at length that most fascinating phase of Lincoln's life, his intense American humanness. Columbus was an Italian; Washington, in all his antecedents and traditions, was an Englishman; Lincoln was, in the words of Asa Gray, "a typical American, pure and simple," the "brother of his country";

"The kindly-earnest, brave, fore-seeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

The keynote of all I have to say is in the expression, "Lincoln, the *Master*." I would have you think of his life from that angle of vision. I would have you see this man as he towered head and shoulders above

all about him,—above circumstances and situation; above events; above his fellows; himself master of them all, and master of himself; Lincoln in control of a kingdom without and of the kingdom within.

Lincoln, then, was master of his circumstances and of the situation in which he found himself. He refused to be bound by his surroundings, threw off the chains that would have held an ordinary man to an insignificant and mediocre career.

When the story of his life is shorn of all the fiction which once attached to it, when we read the facts as they were, it is a marvel that such great results came from such meagre beginnings. It is true that Lincoln's heritage is not so unworthy as used to be supposed. His own and his mother's origin are now as clear as the sunlight. Going back into the previous century we find an ancestry of pretty good stock among the Highlanders of Kentucky. Lincoln's father was a rover, with little ambition, but gifted with "horse sense." His mother was of a finer nature, but without energy. His second mother had both energy and ambition, and she believed in the future of the boy Abraham.

Lincoln's boyhood advantages were as near nothing as can be imagined. He had less than a year of schooling, no church life, no literary life, and spent his youth in the midst of a rude, uncouth, boisterous civilization.

One cannot escape the impulse, just here, to suggest the contrast with that other great statesman across the sea, the Grand Old Man of England, who was born the same year with Lincoln, and entered Parliament the year in which Lincoln became a member of the Illinois legislature.

Gladstone had all that the best civilization of the world could give. He had a fine heritage of the best traditions of England. He was prepared at Eton and Oxford and by travel in Italy before, at the age of twenty-four, he took up his life work. The splendid lesson of his life is that of making use of advantages. "Row, not drift, even though the current be with you." He was a great self, making the most of a favoring breeze.

Lincoln, on the contrary, was a great self pushing ahead against

all contrary winds. While Gladstone was at school, Lincoln was farming, running flat-boats, splitting rails, or tending country store. He was getting an education in the hard school of deprivation. All this, for Lincoln, spelled "opportunity."

He mastered circumstance and situation to which others surrendered.

He used itinerant teachers, preachers, stump orators, to mimic and to learn from. He spent hours in study, before the open fire and in the open air, while the rest slept or loafed. He knew the Bible, and Æsop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, the Statutes of Indiana, and the Life of Washington. As he himself said, "I read every book within fifty miles I could lay my hands on." Later he was in constant contact with the keenest minds in Illinois, in state legislature and in law courts, and was forever learning. His schooling was of the kind that Burns and Shakespeare had, and it was for him, the best possible.

Dr. N. D. Hillis has said, speaking of the hard experiences of our Pilgrim ancestors, "Those that lived through made great men." Lincoln was the man to "live through" the rough discipline, and he made a great man. He was among the choice people who become "kings and queens of circumstance."

He never had the culture of the schools. He was careless of dress in a day when the only dudes were the gamblers and the Judges of the United States Courts. Matthew Arnold sneered at Lincoln because Arnold was unable to distinguish between the common on the one hand, and the vulgar on the other; between "the commonness of the basic and the universal and the commonness of the cheap and tawdry."

If Gladstone exemplifies polished power, Lincoln stands as the world's great example of ungainly grandeur.

His ancestors gave him something, his surroundings gave him nothing, nature gave the splendid self, of brawn and brain and heart, events gave a magnificent opportunity. Out of the pioneer cabin emerged this boy, blest with "poverty and parts," to become the most majestic figure, and the best-loved soul, of all our history.

Lincoln was likewise master of events. He not only refused to be

bound by the chains of circumstance, he himself put guiding reins on events, himself ruled, directed.

Can we find the secret of this great power?

It came, first of all, from a marvelous ability to grasp a situation, to see things as they were, to see, *at the time*, the significance of events, and their trend. What all thoughtful men saw afterward, too late to make use of their vision, Lincoln saw at the time when the vision counted for guidance. There is a proverb to the effect that "the trouble with foresight is that most of us, before we learn to exercise it, are too old to have anything to look forward to." Lincoln had foresight before its usefulness was outlived.

Perhaps the best illustration of this faculty is connected with the famous debates with Douglas. That shrewd, experienced politician was trying to hold to the North and the South both. Lincoln proposed to put to his antagonist this question dealing with the national power in the Territories:—"Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wishes of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a state constitution?" Lincoln's friends advised against the question, as unwise and imperilling his own chances for election. Lincoln replied, "You will see the day when you will consider it the wisest thing I ever did." The question was put, and answered. It cost Lincoln the senatorship. But it loosed the hold of Douglas on the South, it finally split the Democratic party, defeated Douglas and elected Lincoln President.

This power of Lincoln's seemed at times an intuition, a faculty of seeing straight into the heart of things, a vision of values in their proportions, an instinctive putting first things first. But it was much more than an intuition, it was a faculty for "boning," for a thorough-going application of his mind to mastering all the details of the situation. "He arrived at conclusions not by intuition, but by minute, painstaking and conscientious thought." "He looked wide and he looked deep, and he looked all round; he looked inside and he looked outside, and he looked many times before he came to a conclusion." Thus it was that Lincoln never seemed to be surprised, nor taken off his feet, at any new turn of

the evidence in the court room, or in political debate,—he had himself thought the case through on both sides.

Possessed of all the facts, he then “let them simmer,” “slept over them,” and applied to the whole matter that wonderful, unvarying, uncommon “common sense” of his, and thus reached his conclusion. As it has been expressed, the secret of his wisdom was “his common sense in action and in thought, enriched by experience and unassailed by fear.”

Again one is constrained to contrast Lincoln with Gladstone. With the Scotchman’s love for dialectics, for finespun reasoning, Gladstone started with two or three general principles, and by a very carefully arranged line of reasoning, applied them to the situation in hand. He often carried himself, and carried others with him, to conclusions which would not for a moment stand the test of good common sense.

When Lincoln, by his mastery of the situation, had reached his conclusion, he then had a unique capacity for saying the right words to bring his conclusions to others. Lincoln was annoyed, above all other things in speech, by an obscure sentence, either his own or another’s. His first aim was for clearness. He would have the dullest juror, or auditor, grasp just what he, as attorney, was bringing to him. Says Bryan, “he knew what he was talking about and he believed what he said.” Not a little of Lincoln’s power as an attorney and as a political speaker, lay in this wonderful capacity to say what he meant. Lincoln had the vote-getter’s gift of coining phrases full of meaning. Who could ever forget his sentence: “You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time.” He has also put into fine, clear words some of the deepest sentiments of the human heart. Choate said of him, after the Cooper Union speech: “It was marvelous to see how this untutored man, by mere self-discipline and the chastening of his own spirit, had outgrown all meretricious arts and found his way to the grandeur and strength of absolute simplicity.”

There are sentences in his speeches that sum up a whole situation, and are themselves a complete argument that compass the whole circle of a great question and utter its meaning for the mind and the heart,

sentences that satisfy like luscious fruit, and stick in the memory like burs. In the midst of the fierce discussion between North and South, when many were looking for a compromise on slavery, Lincoln saw the inevitable and summed it up: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently one-half slave and one-half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided." In his Cooper Union speech, in 1860, he put the whole philosophy of high-toned statesmanship into the words:

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

In the midst of the soreness and bitterness following his election, he caught the deeper, nobler feeling of the nation and gave it expression, "We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Standing on the field at Gettysburg, in the very midst of the great struggle, yet with victory assured for Northern arms, looking into the days to come, and their tremendous problems, he uttered the words which constitute, as one has said, "the rarest gem in American oratory": "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Two years later, when the war was practically over, and its issues decided, looking into the confusion and bitterness of readjustment, he paved the way for reconciliation as he said:—

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all

which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

What I have said helps us to see, readily, the fact that Lincoln was a master of other men. Throughout his career, in bouts of brawn or brain, Lincoln was a leader. In the wrestling matches, more or less serious, he found only once his superior. In the state legislature, and in the law courts, he towered above his fellows. In the trying scenes of his first presidency he was at the head of affairs, neither hurried by others to a decision against his will, nor hindered by others when once his mind was made up.

There were several members of Lincoln's cabinet who had at first more confidence in themselves than in the President. Notably true was this of Seward, whose well-known "thoughts for the President's consideration," making an offer to run the government for Lincoln,—in the words, "I neither seek to evade, nor to assume responsibility"—have become historic. Seward came to himself later, and wrote to his wife, "Executive force and vigor are rare qualities. The President is the best of us." What Seward learned, Stanton and Chase and others also found out, and they all came to have more confidence in Lincoln than in themselves. His insight, his thorough knowledge of the facts, his shrewd common sense, his sagacity, his patience, tact, diplomacy, his lack of resentment, his openness to light, his readiness to yield any minor or unessential points,—these qualities made him the master in all that was really important.

These same qualities made it possible for him to master the men about him, and at the same time to keep them as his friends.

Greeley called him "the foremost convincer of his time," and said "he could bring more men of doubtful or hostile leanings around to his way of thinking by talking to them on a platform than any other." Henry Watterson, speaking of his first inaugural, says, "He delivered that inaugural address as though he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life." "From the moment when he took the oath of office until the tragedy of his death, there was not a moment when he did not dominate the forces of the government."

Stanton, pointing to Lincoln's coffin, said, "There lies the most perfect ruler of men that ever lived"; and Lowell spoke of him as, "on the whole, the most remarkable statesman of all time."

I am aware that Lincoln himself disclaimed being the leader or the master of men and events. He said, at various times, "I do not lead, I follow"; "I claim not to have controlled events, but I confess plainly that events have controlled me"; "My policy is to have no policy"; "Time is my prime minister."

What do we mean by leadership, and mastery?

Few men create a movement, or initiate a series of national events. Events come, are under the guidance of a force mightier than that of men, are inevitable, resistless. But in the upward movement one man puts himself in opposition. Of course his hostility is futile and foolish, the events move on, but it stamps the man for dishonor. Another holds himself neutral, is a coward. Of course he can be spared, but he himself is stamped for shame. Another puts himself in line with the movement, as a private. He is powerless to render large service, but his loyalty marks him for honor. Another becomes a leader. By his clear keen vision of the issue, by his unswerving loyalty to the right, by his strong commanding personality and his utterances, he becomes the center, the embodiment, the leader, of the righteous cause.

This was Lincoln's leadership. The ship of state sailed on, subject to the breezes of Providence,—“It chanced eternal God that chance did guide”—but Lincoln was the master at the helm. When the music drags, the wise precentor does not strike in independently of the singers and hurry on out of their reach, but keeps in touch with them and slowly brings them up to his idea of the time. The leader of the laggard company does not “lead” them by spurring his horse out of sight of his men, but restrains his possibilities of speed to meet the capacity of his men, and thus leads them, with himself, to the battle.

Lincoln led by never getting too far away from those who were to follow. He had his ideals, “hitched his wagon to a star,” but never forgot that it was a wagon, not a chariot. He kept on the ground, near the place where people were travelling. “He had a high opinion of the

popular conscience, and a singular sagacity in reading it." He knew men, he knew events, and he kept himself in sympathy with them. Prof. Caird of Oxford said of him: "He became great by discovering for himself, and for others, what the people really wanted," and thus became "the representative organ of the conscience of the nation in the most difficult crisis of its life." Men seemed to feel "the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their mind articulated by his tongue."

Yes, this is he that ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the older day,
Brooding above the tempest of the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength;—it was his mighty heart.

Back of, and beneath, all this of which I have spoken is the fact that Lincoln was master of Lincoln. He controlled situations, events, other men, because he was in control of himself. He mastered the kingdom without, because he first mastered the kingdom within.

It has been truly said that "self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul." "He that is slow to anger is greater than the mighty, and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." The greater greatness is the open secret of the lesser greatness, and Lincoln possessed both in a supreme degree.

We see it in the poise, the self-control, which never failed him through the darkest hours of 1862 and 1863. We see it in the absence, always, of any resentment against people, in his capacity to discriminate between men and institutions; "he hated slavery without hating the slave-owner." It has been said of him that "his errors were due to mercy, and not to malice; to prudence and not to thoughtlessness or pride; to deliberation and not to recklessness"; that "his heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it for memory of a wrong."

John D. Long pays this tribute: "His magnanimity, his superiority to personal feeling, are almost unparalleled in public life. It animated every impulse.

His moderation and self-control in his relations with others were perfect. No act of his public life is traceable to anger, resentment or envy, on the one hand, nor uncalculating enthusiasm or despondency on the other." Morgan of Alabama said of him that his chief attributes were "lack of resentment and refusal to abuse arbitrary power."

It is well worth our while to see, if possible, what the sources were of this trait, so fundamental and so full of meaning.

First, one must reckon with the training Lincoln had, as ideal for just the self-mastery which was his. Advantages tend to make a man depend on them. We have seen how Gladstone resisted the tendency and made use of his advantages. Hard circumstances tend to make a man discouraged, to surrender to what seems inevitable. Lincoln nobly resisted this tendency, and made circumstances his instrument for character and power. If not the best training for some of the finer intellectual qualities, it was ideal for keenness, sagacity, self-control.

My study of Lincoln's character leads me to group together, in explanation of his wonderful self-mastery, two traits which may seem, at first sight, to have little in common. I refer to his sense of the ridiculous, and his sense of religion; his humor and his honor. I am sure that there is no understanding of the man's poise and self-control until we give full credit to each of these things.

Lincoln's unfailing humor had more values than one, but for our present purpose I emphasize its bearing, taken with his physical and mental prowess, as a secret of his leadership. It enabled him to give point to an idea, to meet a question or parry a thrust, or to set off an opponent's position. He made ridiculous the political enemy of early days, who had put up some new lightning rods, by saying that he would "change his politics for an office worth three thousand dollars a year, and then have to erect a lightning rod over his house to protect his conscience from an offended God." We are familiar with his characterization of an opposing attorney, who "reminded him" of a steamboat, "equipped with a five-pound engine and a ten-pound whistle, so that whenever the whistle blew, the engine had to stop."

Lincoln's humor was a safety valve. It kept him sane and sound in

many a trying hour. When he was ready to announce the Emancipation Proclamation to his cabinet, he introduced the session with a page from *Artemus Ward*. It shocked the sense of propriety and stirred the resentment of some of the Cabinet, but it saved Lincoln from going insane. His heavy heart could not have endured the strain of those dark days, had it not been for his playful humor.

But the one essential fact in Lincoln's self-mastery, during the later days of his life, was his deep sense of religion.

A great deal of powder has been expended in fighting over Lincoln's religion. He has been claimed by nearly every sect and freak offshoot of religion that existed when he was alive, and those that have sprung up since are sure he would have been one of them if they had only been on the ground in time.

But out of all the discussion we have come to a fairly clear idea as to what his religious experience actually was.

Always Lincoln was a man of sterling honesty, with a sense of honor so keen, so quick, so dominating, as to gain and merit for him the nickname of "Honest Abe." He would walk three miles to carry back from the country store the few cents overcharged. He was always afraid of a case, in law, in which he did not really believe. His known fairness made him the frequent choice as umpire in physical bouts or legal disputes. His friendly advice to a prospective lawyer is worth quoting for those modern days: "Resolve to be honest at all events; and if, in your own judgment, you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation rather than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave."

This splendid trait marked Lincoln throughout his life, and has been universally accepted. Of his later career, Von Holst has said, that "his intellectual soundness and keenness sprang from his moral purity and greatness. Because with utter singleness of purpose he wanted to do what was right, he also succeeded in finding out what was the right thing to do." John D. Long says, "his integrity and truth were struc-

tural, born in him." Lincoln was one of those described by Alexander Knowe—"who in their very mien and aspect, as well as in the whole habit of life, manifest such a signature and stamp of virtue, as to make our judgment of them a matter of intuition rather than the result of continued examination." "There is not a trace of double-dealing in his conduct nor of sophistry in his writings."

Lincoln, moreover, always maintained an attitude of respect for, and had a tendency toward allegiance with, the organized forces of religion.

But what of that inner, personal, vital relationship of the human soul with the Infinite, that heart friendship with God, which is at the center of religion?

For the early days of Lincoln's life, there is no clear evidence that this inner experience was a part of his equipment. His youth and young manhood reveal little that could be called "religious," in the sense in which I have used the word. But this sense of God grew with the years. Lincoln was fairly compelled to a faith in the Supreme Being by the overwhelming tasks which came to him. How else can we find meaning in his farewell words to his townspeople of Springfield in 1861?—

"Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him (Washington), I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will be well."

Lincoln's attitude of heart was that of the Brittany fisherman, "Keep me, my God; my boat is small and thy ocean is so wide." As he himself has revealed his heart,—“I have been driven, many times, to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for my day."

This does not mean that the situation created a religious faith, it simply means that the faith which lay deep down in the heart was called to exercise and to expression by the great stress of his task. There are pictures of Lincoln in which you catch that which many speak of who knew him, the far-away look of the eye, that impression of a vision of distant realities which were hid from the ordinary man.

Whatever was true of Lincoln the boy, the farmer, the rail-splitter, the country storekeeper, the lawyer, the legislator; Lincoln the President of the United States was a believer in Providence, was in personal touch with the divine, "endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

Dr. Parkhurst has said that "it has been characteristic of all the great workmen of history that they have believed like giants." This giant faith of Lincoln explains, more than any other fact, the superb mastery which we find in him, the mastery over events and over men, growing out of his mastery over himself.

"Brave, self-reliant, wise,
Calm in emergencies,
Steady alike to wait, and prompt to move,
In council great and safe,
Prudent to plan:
Righteous to deal with sin,
Prone less to force than win,
Strong in his own stern will, and strong in God,
A loving man."

As we see this great, gaunt, stalwart man, pushing his way through barbed wires of hard, disheartening limitations, over the sunken rifle pits of prejudice and vituperation, across the bottomless swamps of misunderstanding, forcing his way through them all, planting the standard of American manhood on the topmost heights, master of events, master of his fellows, master of himself, we realize how the world is richer, the nation is on a higher plane, every one of us has an incentive to be out best, because he lived;—

"A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears,
A quaint knight-errant of the pioneers,
A homely hero, born of star and sod,
A peasant prince,—a masterpiece of God."

CLARENCE F. SWIFT.

FALL RIVER, MASS.

LINCOLN AS A MASTER OF EXPRESSION

NOW," said Secretary Stanton, as he closed the eyes of the dead President, "he belongs to the ages." And the ages ever since that moment, exploring their priceless heritage of personality and achievement, have been making new discoveries in it. As men came to know him better, Lincoln has been a veritable revelation to the statesman, the politician, the historian, the religionist, the artist; all of whom have discovered in him things large and surprising, things unimagined before. Nor is the tribute of the literary scholar, or rather of that intuitively appreciative public whose verdict the literary scholar but echoes, in any wise lacking. As men came out a little from the immediate spell of the Cooper Union speech, the Gettysburg address, the second inaugural, and many another utterance of his, and began to think *how* his strangely potent effects were wrought, the thought came like an illumination, "Why, here is consummate expression, here is language saying just the thing that it ought, and just the thing that a wise, true, noble heart meant to say." That means skill, beauty, power of literary style; the high qualities that scholarship and taste require. We need not deem that masterliness in expression lies beyond this, in some academic grace or trick of word or phrase. We deceive ourselves if we do. Making us forget the real art that is in it, this man, by his simple, lucid, forthright, entirely adequate fitting of word to thought and occasion, stands forth from his age as one of its masters of expression. "It is not too much to say of him," said a London literary journal, "that he is among the greatest masters of prose ever produced by the English race."

How did he come by that mastery, we ask, with something of the same wonder that caused men to ask eighteen centuries ago: "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" The answer to this question simply introduces us to the supreme aim of his life, the aim to make the truth that was in him prevail. That truth concerned every

—An address given February 12, 1909, in the Town Hall, Amherst, Mass.

humblest man; it must therefore be made plain to every humblest man. He had a genius for putting himself by the side of the plain, everyday people, and thinking in their idiom. But that genius, because it concerned itself with simple capacities, was by no means a run-wild genius; there was severe discipline and training in it. Professor Bliss Perry very pertinently applies to Lincoln's style what Hawthorne once said of his own: "It is the result of a great deal of practice. It comes from the desire to tell the simple truth as honestly and vividly as I can." That the practice was not wanting in Lincoln's case may be seen from the account that he gave to Rev. Dr. Gulliver of his early education. "Well, as to education," he said, "the newspapers are correct. I never went to school more than six months in my life. I can say this: That among my earliest recollections I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I do not think I ever got angry at anything else in my life; but that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, although I tried to, when I got on such a hunt for an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over; until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stayed by me; for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it north and bounded it south, and bounded it east and bounded it west."

For plainness and clearness of language, you could not well beat this paragraph I have just quoted; it is an example in evidence of mastery of expression. You did not notice it perhaps. That, indeed, is one of its virtues; and there is another thing that perhaps you noticed just as little. That is, how naturally and spontaneously he puts what he wants to say into a homely image or figure. To hunt for an idea until he had caught it; to handle a thought; to bound it as you would bound a country, north and south and east and west:—it seems the

most natural way in the world to put his thought, and yet he is doing a very literary thing—dealing with an abstraction in terms of sense-perception, so that one can see it. I mention this because it suggests the thing by which Lincoln is best known—in a quasi-literary way, I mean—his story-telling. It took the American people quite a while in his day to realize what his story-telling really meant. I am not referring now to the fact that the use of humor which found vent in story-telling was a relief that virtually kept him alive in months and years of unspeakable care and trial; as he once said: "If I had not such a relief I think I should die." I refer to his stories, and what the telling of them implies as an element in his mastery of expression. They were never idle tales brought in to raise a laugh; they were illustrative; they gave point and vigor and vividness to what would otherwise perhaps be dull and obscure; they were, in fact, a shorthand way of suggesting a great deal of truth or wisdom in small compass. This was a genius with him from early days. One of his old-time comrades, Nat Grigsby, says of him: "Where he appeared in company, the boys would gather and cluster around him to hear him talk. Mr. Lincoln was figurative in his speech, talks and conversation. He argued much from analogy, and explained things hard for us to understand by stories, maxims, tales and figures. He would almost always point his lessons or idea by some story that was plain and near us, that we might instantly see the force and bearing of what he said." His stories were homely and rugged, but never coarse; his figures were founded on the most natural and everyday analogies; but he never revelled in story or figure for their own sake but for their illustrative value.

It took time for such unconventional ways of writing and speaking as his were to gain acceptance, especially among those who had an inordinate sense of officialism or dignity, and among those whose sense of humor was defective. But they endeared him to the heart of the common people; and there was where he was at home. For them he thought, and spoke and wrote. He never tried to disengage himself from their manner of looking at things. Mrs. Stowe wrote of him: "Sooth to say, our own politicians were somewhat shocked with his State papers at first. Why not let us make them a little more conven-

tional, and file them to a classical pattern? "No," was his reply, "I shall write them myself. *The people will understand them.*"

A story illustrative of his passion for plain language even in State papers may here be quoted. "In the July following Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, an extra session of Congress was called. In the message then sent in speaking of Secession, and the measures taken by the Southern leaders to bring it about, there occurred the following sentence: 'With rebellion thus sugar-coated, they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years; until, at length, they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the Government.'

Mr. Defrees, the Public Printer, when the message was being printed, was a good deal disturbed by the use of the term 'sugar-coated,' and finally went to the President about it. He told Mr. Lincoln frankly that he ought to remember that a message to Congress was a different affair from a speech in a mass-meeting in Illinois; that the message became a part of history and should be written accordingly.

'What is the matter now?' inquired the President.

'Why,' said Mr. Defrees, 'you have used an undignified expression in the message;' and then, reading the paragraph aloud, he added, 'I would alter the structure of that if I were you.'

'Defrees,' replied Mr. Lincoln, 'that word expresses precisely my idea, and I am not going to change it. The time will never come in this country when people won't know exactly what *sugar-coated means.*'

One more story, a short one, will show that when it came to a question of correctness in style, Mr. Lincoln could hold his own with his educated colleagues. On another occasion, Mr. Defrees states that a certain sentence of another message was very awkwardly constructed. When Mr. Defrees called the President's attention to it in the proof copy, the latter acknowledged the force of the objection raised, and said:

"Go home, Defrees, and see if you can better it." The next day

Mr. Defrees took in to him his amendment. Mr. Lincoln met him by saying:

"Seward found the same fault that you did, and he has been re-writing the paragraph also." Then reading Mr. Defrees' version, he said:

"I believe you have beaten Seward; but, 'I jing,' I think I can beat you both." Then, taking up his pen, he wrote the sentence as it was finally printed.

Lincoln was a master of expression because, first, he was master of his thoughts, of the conditions of his time, of his relations to the universal heart of man; and, secondly, because he gave forth in the natural style of a true heart what was in him. "When we see the natural style," says Pascal, "we are quite astonished and delighted; for we expected to see an author, and we find a man."

JOHN F. GENUNG.

AMHERST, MASS.



A FOREIGNER'S IMPRESSION AND ESTIMATE OF LINCOLN

THE year 1809 was a remarkably fruitful one. It saw the birth of Tennyson, Poe, Holmes, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning; of Mendelssohn and Chopin; of Gladstone; but before all and above all, of Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln.

During a residence of a year and a half at Heidelberg, it was my privilege to know the distinguished Baron Osten-Sacken, who had spent many years of a long life in the diplomatic service of his country. A Russian of noble birth, in early manhood he entered the service of the Imperial Foreign Office at St. Petersburg. After serving at various posts in Europe, he was sent by his government in 1856 to the United States as Secretary of the Russian Legation, near the close of the administration of President Pierce.

Soon after his inauguration, Mr. Lincoln, as is the custom, received the Diplomatic Corps. Many of the members of that body, expecting to find him awkward and ill at ease, indeed wholly lacking in *savoir-faire*, were anticipating an amusing occasion rather than one full of official dignity. But they were disappointed.

Mr. Lincoln played this difficult *rôle* as though to the manner born. As each Minister in turn was presented, he greeted him graciously and in words most fitting, seldom if ever repeating himself. Baron Osten-Sacken witnessed it all, and we have his testimony that Lincoln was *perfectly* at ease.

On leaving the White House, the Russian Minister asked the Secretary what he thought of the new President? He replied, "I think he is a *great* man."

During the fifteen years of his official life and residence here, from 1856 to 1871, Baron Osten-Sacken had exceptional opportunities for observing the leading men both in Congress and in the Cabinet, but

especially Seward and Lincoln. He had also known or seen most of the leading public men of his time in Europe.

In England—Wellington, Cobden, Bright, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Sir Robert Peel—the latter the greatest British statesman of the last century or the greatest since the younger Pitt. In France—Guizot and Thiers. In Italy—Cavour and other leading patriots; and in Germany—Bismarck, Moltke, and even the illustrious Humboldt, as well as many others less celebrated.

Here, then, it would seem, was a man eminently qualified to form an independent and trustworthy judgment respecting the greatness of Lincoln—qualified by the circumstances of his birth, by training, and by experience, for not only had he seen Lincoln at close range and been in close touch with him during the most crucial period of his life, but he had also known the foremost among his contemporaries both in this country and Europe.

“I have had,” said Baron Osten-Sacken, “exceptional opportunities for observing and studying the men of affairs of my time. In 1861, Lincoln impressed me as a great man. Now, after the lapse of thirty years, I can say without hesitation that, of all the men I have every known, THE GREATEST WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN.”

FREDERICK TUCKERMAN.

AMHERST, MASS.



THE ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

AH! What are those ominous mutterings—scarce whispered—scarce breathed? What is the meaning of this running to and fro—in wild commotion? What is the burden of that long, weird, agonizing wail of sorrow? “The President and the Premier* are assassinated!” “Abraham Lincoln is dead!” Alas, alas, too true! In the height of the people’s joy at the dawn of peace, Abraham Lincoln, the righteous, merciful, noble President of our nation, is murdered! Abraham Lincoln, nature’s own nobleman, the idol of the people, in whom they delighted, the pride and honor of the nation has, on this Good Friday, the anniversary day of the Saviour’s crucifixion, this 14th day of April, 1865, fallen a victim to the treacherous assassin! Abraham Lincoln, the XVIth President of the United States, whose heart, like that of his great prototype, overflowed with mercy and forgiveness—whose only fault was too great forbearance and leniency—who sought by all means and in every way to conciliate—whose great effort of life was to win back to fraternity and unity the enemies of his country, extending mercy and pardon to the penitent—whose whole life was one of true and lofty patriotism—kind, genial, and generous even up to the point of extreme—this good man, having brought his afflicted and smitten country through four years of fierce strife, with the flush of victory and triumph on its brow, while in the act of extending the olive branch of peace and good-will, is struck down by a cowardly cutthroat—a martyr to his own sense of right and justice, *liberty*, FREEDOM. Let the nation mourn—let the people weep—let wailing and lamentation prevail throughout the country, throughout the world; for a great, a good, a noble man has fallen! Peace, peace be to his honored ashes! In future generations let his name be known as “Abraham Lincoln, the XVIth—the MARTYR President of the United States!”

—From the *American Mining Gazette*, Vol. 2, 1865. N. Y. April number.

[A very scarce Lincoln item, the publication ending with 1865. We believe this has not before been republished.—ED.]

* Seward.

“All murders past do stand excused in this;
And this, so sole and so unmatched,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of time,
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.”

One of our contemporaries expresses our own feelings and those of a large proportion of the community when he says:

“The immediate presence of the horrible crime which has stricken the Republic to the heart, in the hour of its transcendent and long-awaited triumph, is unfavorable to a full and clear conception of its importance and its consequences. It must necessarily appear to different observers under different aspects, and each will especially lament it for some reasons which will have less force and weight with others.

For our own part, it intensifies our regret, while it is nevertheless our abiding consolation that the lamented Head of the Republic, now sleeping in his bloody shroud, was never provoked to the exhibition of one trace of hate or even wrath toward those against whom he was compelled to battle for the life of the nation. From the hour, now eleven years past, when he enunciated the axiomatic yet startling truth: ‘The Union cannot permanently exist half slave and half free,’ down to that of his assassination, he uttered no syllable of retort to the hideous vomitings of abuse and slander wherewith he was incessantly covered by the partisans of the doomed but still vital and venomous ‘institution.’ Perpetually represented to the Southern people as a libel on humanity, and a tiger ravenous for blood, he not only put forth no speech, no paper, no manifesto, that gave the least countenance to these calumnies, but he never, in his most intimate and confidential moments, indicated a hope, a wish, that evil should befall one of these enemies, save as it should be necessary for the salvation of the country. And this fact, hitherto suppressed and dis-

torted, will now make itself felt and respected. The blow that struck down Abraham Lincoln bereft the Union's misguided and criminal assailants of the firmest and most powerful opponent of all avoidable severity, all not indispensable harshness, in suppressing their rebellion. His very last public utterance—the speech of the Tuesday night prior to his assassination—was conceived in this spirit, and had no other purpose than to reconcile the North to the most gentle and magnanimous treatment of the discomfited insurgents. If ever man made war in a Christian spirit, Mr. Lincoln was that man. His first inaugural is the most affecting appeal ever made to a disaffected party against the madness and crime of plunging their country into an abyss of blood and horror. His last inaugural, so solemn and religious in its tone, and now seeming to have been written under the shadow of impending death, is pervaded by the same spirit. No portion of the American people have greater reason to deplore his murder than those in whose presumed interest or to glut whose malignity it was perpetrated.

President Lincoln fell a sacrifice to his country's salvation as absolutely, palpably, as though he had been struck down while leading an assault on the ramparts of Petersburg. The wretch who killed him was impelled by no private malice, but imagined himself an avenger of that downcast idol which, disliking to be known simply as Slavery, styles itself 'the South.' He was murdered, not that slavery might live, but that it might bring down its most conspicuous enemy in its fall.

The Republic is saved forever from its giant curse and shame. It will not be divided; it will all be free. If there had been doubt of this, as there was not, there is doubt no longer. Our abiding and serious peril is a transfusion into the veins of the loyal millions of some portion of the blood of the monster they have slain. The public feeling aroused by the double assassination at Washington needs to be calmed and directed, not inflamed and aggravated. There is depravity but no danger in the babble of the brainless fool who says

he is glad Lincoln is killed; there is food for graver thought, there is a call for sterner reprobation, in the pious suggestion that our good President has been providentially called hence in order that the leading rebels may receive that condign punishment which his kindness of heart would have averted."

Whatever judgment may have been formed by those who were opposed to him as to the calibre of our deceased Chief Magistrate, or the place he is destined to occupy in history, all men of undisturbed observation must have recognized in Mr. Lincoln a quaintness, originality, courage, honesty, magnanimity, and popular force of character such as have never heretofore, in the annals of the human family, had the advantage of so eminent a stage for their display. He was essentially a mixed product of the agricultural, forensic, and frontier life of this continent—as indigenous to our soil as the cranberry crop, and as American in his fibre as the granite foundations of the Appalachian range. He may not have been, and perhaps was not, our most perfect product in any one branch of mental or moral education; but taking him for all in all, the very noblest impulses, peculiarities, and aspirations of our whole people—what may be called our continental idiosyncrasies—were more collectively and vividly reproduced in his genial and yet unswerving nature than in that of any other public man of whom our chronicles bear record.

If the influence of the triumph of popular institutions in our recent struggle prove so great over the future destiny of all European nations as we expect it must, Mr. Lincoln will stand in the world's history, and receive its judgment, as the type-man of a new dynasty of nation-rulers—not for this country alone, but for the whole civilized portion of the human family. He will take his place in a sphere far higher than that accorded to any mere conqueror; and, indeed, without speaking profanely, we may well say that, since the foundation of the Christian era, no more remarkable or pregnant passages of the world's history have been unfolded than those of which Mr. Lincoln on this continent has been the central figure, and controlling influence. It is by this measurement he will be judged, and by this standard will his place be assigned to him.

There are several incidents in connection with the death of President Lincoln which can not fail to strike the mind of every one to whom they are recalled as very remarkable. First, as to the time of his assassination, which was Good Friday, the anniversary of the day upon which the Saviour, not of one nation, but of all mankind, was crucified; the anniversary, too, of the day when the national flag was taken down from Fort Sumter in 1861, and the very same day on which it was restored upon the broken battlements by General (Major) Anderson in 1865. And last, in the place where the assassination occurred; for it must be remembered that Mr. Lincoln was slain in a theatre, and by the hand of an actor—an actor, also, who had often figured in assumed tragedy upon the same stage where his defiant announcement of the real tragedy he had then accomplished was made as he cried out "*Sic Semper Tyrannis!*" in the presence of the horror-stricken audience. All these incidents will recur now with peculiar force.

The attack on the Premier, Governor Seward, at the same hour, while lying on a sick-bed, already enfeebled and brought very near to the borders of death, happily, miraculously failed—the very appliances used in the surgical treatment of his recent frightful injury warded off the fatal lunge of the dastardly miscreant, and saved this precious life to the nation. Governor W. H. Seward will live, and, by God's help, lend the wisdom of his counsel and statesmanship in the national councils. He was not informed of the President's assassination until subsequently to the attack on himself. On learning it, new life, new energy—a calm, majestic comprehension of the emergencies of the hour—seemed imparted to him. Calm and collected, he resigned himself to the care of his surgeons, confident in the hopes of recovery. We fear the result of the injuries received by his son Frederick, attacked at the same time; also of others about him.

The fearful tragedy which so darkened the anniversary of the Crucifixion, and plunged the nation into mourning and woe on the bright and beautiful Easter Sunday morning, develops a preconcerted and execrable plot to massacre the entire Cabinet; but, as in the case of the diabolical attempt to fire New York City, it has failed, if not entirely in its consummation, yet utterly, most completely, in the ends sought to

be attained. It will be a marvel to all Europe that the American people know so well how to deport themselves under this, the very acme of their affliction. Hereafter, and that very soon, the nation will rise from her prostration and shake off the ashes of mourning. Soon the blush of shame and mortification at the disgrace thus planted upon the fair escutcheon of our proud country shall pass from its brow, and aglow with indignation its mighty nerves will be braced to the work of restoring its tarnished honor; soon will the intellect of the sorrowing nation rise to the summit of majestic grandeur, and justice, law, and liberty shall reign throughout the length and breadth of this mighty land. Retributive judgment shall be meted out to the vile traitors, red and drunk with the blood of their country. And let all true patriots say, Amen, so mote it be!

In history there was but one parallel to the assassination of the President; that was two hundred years ago. On the 10th of July, 1684, the best, wisest, and greatest man of Europe, William the Silent, of Holland, was shot by an assassin crouching on a stairway as the King passed from his dining-room to his chamber. The assassin, after firing, threw his pistol down, mounted a horse, and attempted to escape through the forest; but, unlike the murderer of the President, was caught and suffered a fearful retribution at the hands of the indignant people. Coming down through history to the present time, we find no man, except John Hampden and our own Washington, who stands there so nobly as Abraham Lincoln.

He was blessed with an humble heart; he was a man of the people. He was really and truly sprung from them. His career was remarkable. Born on the 12th of February, 1809, in the then Western State of Kentucky, ten years of his life were passed on his father's farm. All his time passed in school did not extend beyond twelve months. He split rails to fence in his father's land. After having served on a flatboat, he tried to become a merchant, but did not succeed. Then he borrowed books from a lawyer, which he read at night and returned in the morning. Such was the education in law of a man who was afterward called upon to decide the most grave and delicate questions of law. In 1836 he went to Springfield, where he commenced the practice

of law. His career from that time is known. His reputation dates from his great contest with Douglas, whom he met in Illinois and vanquished, and from his speech in the Cooper Institute in New York City. He was once a Sabbath school teacher in the Presbyterian Church; but he never came nearer to them than that, never assumed the relations of a member of the church.

It was a blessing that Abraham Lincoln was a man of the people. How full the Western country was of simple anecdotes of him, of his talks with little children in the streets, and with those who called on him so often as to nearly wear him out. Who will forget that warm grasp of the hand, and the cordial manner? All men could obtain access to him. The next thing was that God had blessed him with a great intellect. He never made a speech like Webster or Calhoun; but when he was put to the test with the greatest work to do of any man of his generation, he did it. If he is to be tried by Napoleon's test of what he did, then Lincoln was one of the greatest of men. What grander solving of a question was there ever from human lips than when he said, "If slavery is not wrong, I do not know what is wrong!"

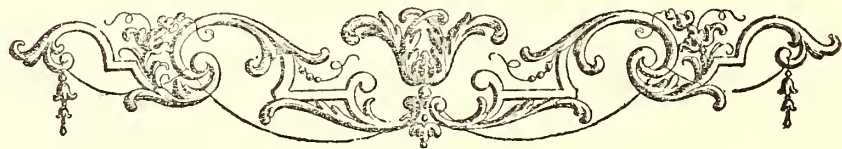
Again: before the first shot was fired at Sumter, he said that it was impossible for this land to exist so long as one-half was free and the other half slave. He saw that the beginning of a conflict was at hand, of which he was to be the most illustrious and lamented martyr. Slavery is quick to discern its own friends and its enemies, and even then it marked him as one of its most dangerous foes. When reading his Inaugural, one thanks God that such a man lived. It reads like a chapter from the Bible. The third point was that God blessed Abraham Lincoln with the heart of a woman, "with malice toward none, and charity to all." Oh, miscreant assassin! Let them thank God that he gave utterance to such sentiments as these. His last act was one of clemency. They should be thankful that the nation had put power into the hands of a man who did not use it for ambitious purposes.

In the fourth place, God blessed him with a great faith in Providence. He was open and free, and pursued a straightforward path, trusting in a higher Power. He had no secrets; but where it was nec-

essary to keep anything concealed which should not be known, he knew how to do it. He was a man of prayer, and said he never began the day without prayer. The religion which enables a man to die for the welfare of man and the glory of God was the religion of Abraham Lincoln. He died for his country. He was a representative of one system, as was John Wilkes Booth of another. He died in the fullness of his glory, and he fell by that same red hand which had for a time held four millions of human beings in slavery.

The effect of the assassination in Europe can not be doubted. All men who have heretofore sympathized with the rebel cause will make haste to wash their hands of this transaction. John Bright and Kosuth will mourn, and Garibaldi, calling his little grandson to him, will rejoice that he named him Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln lived to complete his work. He lived till God was ready to receive him in a higher place. He lived to see rebellion overthrown; he lived till Sumter's flag was placed where God and the people meant it should be, and then he might have said: "Lord, my work is done; let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen my country's salvation."

GEORGE E. CURRIE.



LINCOLN AT PETERSBURG.

THE notable gathering of Union and Confederate soldiers for the dedication of a monument to the Pennsylvania men who fell at Fort Mahone, on what was in war time the "front of Petersburg," with President Taft as the chief guest (1909), revives the memory of the great war President's visit to the evacuated city on the third of April, 1865. The brief recalling of the incident will interest the surviving veterans who had a part in that memorable siege, and deserves besides special recognition because, while Mr. Lincoln's entry into Richmond has been frequently and fully described, the earlier visit to Petersburg has received the scantiest notice, if any at all, either in the current reports of the time or in subsequent histories.

Spending the last winter of the war in the service of the U. S. Christian Commission in "the armies operating against Richmond," I happened to be at City Point Landing on the day after the President's arrival from Washington on the *River Queen*, as a train was waiting to take him "up front" on "Grant's Military Railroad." The commander-in-chief, after putting his wife on board, went on his private boat close by and returned escorting Mrs. Lincoln. Immediately behind them walked, with "Tad" at his side, the tall, sad-faced man whom the whole army and the whole nation loved as no other man in America has ever been loved before or since. This was the first of several visits he made to the front to see his "boys" in the camp, in the hospital, on the field.

Sunday, April 2, was the great day of fighting all along the line. Charles Carleton Coffin, the well-known war correspondent, who had electrified the soldiers at the General Hospital a few evenings before by singing "I'll Die for Liberty," came down from the front in the afternoon to write up his report for Boston, and urged the need of help for the wounded. Two or three of us jumped on the rear of a freight train and jumped off at Meade Station of the Ninth Army Corps. The

famous "Rustic Chapel" at that point was crowded that night with wounded and dying men for whom something could be done in the way of bodily refreshment or spiritual cheer, or at least in taking last messages for their homes. Later in the night we were awakened by the blowing up of the rebel ironclads on the James. The meaning of this was unmistakable, and at four o'clock we were on the hill to hear the ringing of bells and the shouts and songs of soldiers far beyond the works they had defended so long. Taking a hasty cup of coffee "Carleton" and I followed them, walking through deserted magazines and bomb-proofs and trenches into the captured city.

My companion's motto was "On to Richmond," and he soon departed; I climbed into the belfry of the court house where a Michigan soldier had already hoisted the Stars and Stripes, and then followed the crowd to a residential street where a body of troops were halted in front of a fine old mansion. Entering the yard, I was surprised to see General Grant with his staff and other distinguished officers seated on the spacious portico. Looking back to the soldiers in the street, I was still more astonished to see the tall form of President Lincoln. He was mounted on a horse, apparently just starting away, but bending over to speak with a plain Southern man who had accosted him. At that moment someone on the piazza called out "Lincoln." The President, evidently surprised, looked up, but the mistake was instantly corrected—"Captain Lincoln"—the order being for the President's son, Robert T., who had a few days before been put on Grant's staff with that rank. Speaking to an old servant woman who had crept out from the back of the house to witness the strange sight, I asked her if she knew who that man was on horseback; she did not. "That is the man who made you free, Abraham Lincoln." With a voice full of emotion she exclaimed, "Lord bress him—is dat Massa Linkum?"

Standing by one of the pillars of the portico, I saw a messenger hurrying up with a despatch. It was handed to General Grant. He opened it, glanced at it, and, taking his cigar from his mouth, read it to his staff. It was from General Weitzel, saying that he took possession of Richmond at 8:15 that morning. This either confirmed or changed Grant's opinion of Lee's whereabouts, for orders were at once

given, though very quietly, and in five minutes the general, his staff and the troops had all disappeared in pursuit of the retreating enemy.

Fuller information about this incident was obtained in a singular way later in the week when it fell to me to ascertain from the officers of the leading churches in the city whether, to promote good feeling, it would be practicable to arrange for services on the following Sabbath, nearly all the pastors being absent in the army. In following my memorandum I called upon Mr. Thomas Wallace, representing the First Baptist Church, at his residence on Long Market street, corner Halifax, and was surprised to find that it was the very house where I had seen the notable gathering on Monday. Mr. Wallace received me with courtly courtesy, and after the special business was over I ventured to remark that he had been honored by a call from the President. "Yes, Mr. Lincoln called," he replied, and then told me something of the visit. General Grant had sent an aide to ask if he could make his headquarters there for a short time, and afterward came, Mr. Lincoln joining him on the portico and making some quaint remark about General Grant's long ride that morning.

I distinctly remember Mr. Wallace's bright, handsome boy, to whom I handed a paper I chanced to have in my pocket, containing a picture in colors of Mr. Lincoln. He took it, saying with significant emphasis, "Yes, that looks just like him." Whereupon the father told me the amusing incident that when the boy realized who the visitor was, he said: "Father, you arn't going to let that man stay here, are you?" The reply was: "I do not think I shall drive away a man with a hundred thousand men at his back!" This incident Mr. Wallace said he repeated to Mr. Lincoln, greatly to the amusement of the latter.

One other incident I remember which Mr. Wallace mentioned. He said: "Your General Grant is certainly a very polite man," and told me in explanation that he went out to the portico and suggested that the party should come into the parlor, where they could hold their conference more privately. General Grant replied: "Thank you, sir; but I am smoking."

It may be properly added to these notes that I have just returned

from a short Virginia vacation, in which I made a flying visit to Richmond, Petersburg and City Point. On inquiry I learned that Mr. Wallace had passed away, but that the bright boy of my remembrance was living, and I called upon him. He received me very kindly, and substantiated the incident as I have related it above. He added that he and his father were in town when the distinguished visitors arrived, but the aide had asked permission of his mother before they came in. He also told me that "Tad" Lincoln was with his father in the party, and that his father—Mr. Wallace—had bidden him entertain his boy visitor, but that he managed without catching his father's eye to absent himself from the house.

In place of the great warehouses and extensive business of City Point Landing in 1865, there are now only a few houses and a very small population. General Grant's famous log cabin is gone—is it not still in Philadelphia?—although his adjutant general's cabin, alone of the group at the former headquarters, still remains on the bank of the James, in front of the Epps estate, in good state of preservation. The kind conductor on the City Point Railroad, himself an old soldier, had his engineer "slow up" so that I could see the earthworks and where the old military railroad deflected from the present line. The old veterans who once occupied cots in the General Hospital and the many New England helpers there will feel a tinge of sadness to know that of all the numerous buildings connected with the hospital and the Christian Commission, so pleasantly located on the Appomattox, not a single vestige remains—Boston *Transcript*.

C. C. CARPENTER.

ANDOVER, MASS.

THE OLD CROWN POINT ROAD.

(*Concluded*)

THAT Mr. Hall was mistaken in thinking his father the only man who walked the Crown Point Road is shown by the following items taken from Capt. John Calfe's book:

" 1777. Monday, Feb'y 10th. March'd to Mr. Sartlo's at Charlestown (6 miles), took breakfast, march'd to Mr. White's (three miles), and tarried all night.

Tuesday, Feb'y 11th. Tarried at Charlestown.

Wednesday, Feb'y 12th. March'd to Hobbs' at Springfield (7 miles), march'd to Maj'r Grout's at Weathersfield (4 miles) and tarried all night.

Thursday, Feb'y 13th. March'd to Mr. Coffin's at Caven-dish (10 miles), & march'd to Mr. Bates at Saltash (6 miles), tarried all night.

Friday, Feb'y 14. March'd to Mr. — at Ludlow (7 miles), march'd to M'r White's at Shutesbury (6 miles), march'd to Mr. Bowman's at Clarrendon (5 miles), tarried all night.

Saturday, Feb'y 15th. March'd to Mr. Post's at Rutland (8 miles), march'd to Wm. Keler's at Pitsford (3 miles), march'd to Power's at Neshobe (15 miles), marched to Mr. Wiswald's at Sudbury (7 miles), tarried all night.

Sunday, Feb'y 16th. March'd to Mr. — at Shoreham (10 miles), cross'd the lake to Ticonderoga (2 miles), tarried there till 2d day of March. While nothing remarkable happened then we moved to Mount Independence."⁴

⁴ Memorial History of Hampstead, N. H.

Built over hills and through swamps, as the settlements increased, portions of the road that did not fit the requirements of the people were abandoned, so that one hundred years later when Mr. Hager desired to map it accurately, recourse had to be made to the diary of Mr. Hall. The map published by Walling and Hager in 1860 outlines "Lord Amherst's Old Military Road from Crown Point to No. 4," and is believed to be the only authentic survey now existing. The map itself though widely sold and distributed at the time, is now only occasionally to be found.

Now that nearly one hundred and fifty years have passed there is no more valued heirloom that a town can possess than a portion of the Old Crown Point Road. Every farmer whose farm is contiguous to the route desires to claim it on his property. In many places the track is lost and can be located only by tradition. The logs used in making corduroy roads through swampy places are the best preserved evidences of its construction.

Winding in and out over hills and through valleys, the road passes through Springfield, Weathersfield, and Cavendish. After crossing the hill west from Captain Coffin's (where C. S. Parker now lives), it descends into the valley of the Twenty Mile Stream and crosses the stream on the land now owned by W. S. Spaulding. The Twenty Mile encampment was on this meadow. James W. Hall, who was born in 1800, and lived for seventy-five years within a mile of this place, often told of seeing part of the old log camp standing. The lot of land upon which the Twenty Mile encampment was made was given to Mrs. Coffin for being the mother of the first child born in Cavendish. From here the road passes on to the northwest and enters the corner of Ludlow on the land of Ellery Dix, continues over the hill northwesterly and passes through the farm now occupied by Ernest Pollard, which was the first farm settled in Plymouth, by John Mudge in 1777. Then it passes around Lake Amherst, named for General Amherst, then on to Shrewsbury, Clarendon, Rutland and Pittsford, where it crosses Otter Creek; from there to Brandon, Sudbury, Whiting, Orwell, Shoreham, Bridport, and then to that historic spot, "Chimney Point," in Addison. Directly opposite this point of land stands the old "Hendee House" that Judge

Thompson has rendered memorable in his story, "The Green Mountain Boys." This house has been recently fitted up for a summer hotel, a beautiful place with its natural scenery, and containing in itself and its surroundings so much of historic interest.

Though no battles are recorded on this route, every mile is historic ground, and that it was the thoroughfare for important and successful military operations, is attested by rare manuscripts, early records and traditions of the pioneers.

It is supposed that Benedict Arnold passed over the road to Castleton and Ticonderoga; and Stark, son of the Granite State, the veteran of the Seven Years' War, the hero of Bunker Hill, Princeton and Trenton, is believed to have used the road in going to win new laurels at Bennington in 1777. He certainly came to Charlestown with eight hundred men, and ordered one company to stay there to guard the stores, and two companies to stay on the heights between there and Otter Creek for the security of the inhabitants. Amherst in October, 1758, came overland from Boston with some of his victorious regiments from Louisbourg.

In 1755 as a company of soldiers in Boston were preparing to pass over this route to go against Crown Point, the Rev. Samuel Checkley preached a sermon at the North Church in Boston to prepare them for war.

For many years this was the route of travel from northern Vermont to Boston; and many farmers kept public houses to accommodate merchants and others passing over the Crown Point Road.

Many soldiers who took note of the fertile lands returned when peace was restored, to build homes in this pleasant region; so that in 1772 there were twenty-six families and one hundred and forty-one inhabitants in Springfield.

Among them were Major Simon Stevens at what is now the Town Farm, and Captain Abner Bisbee near Luther Boynton's. Both of them were noted Rangers.

Mr. Bisbee's wife was a resolute and courageous woman, and at one

time, when the men were away there was an alarm of the approach of Indians. She yoked the oxen, and taking her little ones and other women and children drove them to the block house on the Connecticut River for refuge.

Land sold at a dollar per acre and great pine logs were cut and drawn to the Connecticut River for a dollar per thousand feet.

As the Road passes along over Skitchawaug in Springfield there is a small cemetery to be seen, where about thirty of the soldiers in the French and Indian War were taken suddenly ill of some acute disease, and died within a few days.

On the highest part of the crest of this mountain at a point nearly opposite the General Morris place (now Barry), can be seen a smooth-faced, overhanging ledge, and at the right an opening. This is the mouth or entrance of the famed and historic "Tory Hole," once a cave, sufficiently roomy to accommodate several persons. A very safe retreat for the sympathizers with George III, who were not exceedingly popular with their neighbors during and after the Revolutionary War. There is no doubt this cave was used by Indians as well as whites for a place of refuge.

It is near here that a somewhat dramatic incident of the Revolution occurred in March, 1781.

An idle fellow named Shem Kentfield, a resident of Charlestown, N. H., incensed at some strictures on his misdeeds, left that place in the autumn of 1780, threatening vengeance on the town. When he came back he said he would burn every hewn stick in it. At sunrise one morning in March, 1781, as Dr. Abraham Downer, who lived in Weathersfield, just north of Eureka, was returning from a visit to a patient, he saw Kentfield with two companions crossing the road near the town line. Downer, who had lived in Charlestown, knew Kentfield as quickly as Kentfield did him. The Doctor was unarmed and of course in the power of the Tories, who, fearing detection proposed putting him to death. Downer assured them that he would shortly be missed and they would be pursued. After some debate they decided to let him go on a promise,

bound with the most fearful oaths, that he would not mention or in any way communicate the fact that he had seen such a band.

Downer returned to his home much agitated; on the one hand his oath, on the other the destruction of the unsuspecting town. Kentfield told Downer they were but the vanguard of two hundred men coming down from Canada to burn Charlestown and take captive her inhabitants; that any movement in the direction of rescue or warning would be instantly detected by the incoming squads.

Downer kept his secret an hour or two, going about among the neighbors in so excited a manner they thought him insane. At last he told the whole affair to Lemuel Whitney, who immediately bestirred himself to raise a company for pursuit.

They were tracked across the hills for some distance when it was found that they reversed their snow shoes and went on toward the river which they crossed just before it broke up and cut off pursuit. An arrow with a note affixed was shot across the river to give warning, and the three were captured.

They were sent to West Point, where Kentfield was found to be a deserter, he having enlisted in the American Army at Marlborough, N. H. He was sentenced and hung in June, 1781. The people of Springfield were active for several days, and three more men were captured on Skitchawaug near the "Tory Hole."

It is related of Kentfield that when a young man he had his fortune told and that the fortune teller told him he would be hung at last. It is probable that he had given such evidence of his depravity that the fortune teller ran no risk in the prophecy. Once when he fell into the rapids at Bellows Falls, he cried while struggling in the water, with a fair prospect of being drowned, "Now gallows claim your rights," and he verified the old adage, "he who was born to be hung will never be drowned."

Interesting and often dramatic as is the history of almost every foot of New England soil, it is safe to say that nowhere in all the world within the same space of territory could there be found more men whose love of

liberty was a consuming fire, or who held closer to the questions of principle and patriotism than in that portion of New England known as the New Hampshire Grants. From the Grants came Vermont, which was a slip of the old New England vine, and was settled from Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Connecticut. The hardy and adventurous men who made their way in the wilderness were the picked and chosen spirits of those freedom loving Colonies. Large-limbed, broad-chested, the best blood of England coursing in their veins, what had they to fear? They took Liberty for their mistress and worshipped her with unmeasured devotion.

The men and women who helped to lay the foundation of the State whose hills are green and fertile to their summits, exemplified those essential elements of Puritanism, faith, law and freedom:

“No slave thy green hills ever trod,
But fresh as from the thought of God,
Thy sons triumphant o’er thee strode, unfettered, free,
The air they breathed on thy green sod was Liberty.”

In their struggles with the forces of nature, in the primeval forest, in their conflicts with the overlapping claims of New Hampshire and New York, and later with the Crown, they never lost sight of those eternal principles.

The monuments they erected at the end of every mile of this Road have long since crumbled into dust, but the mile stones they have set on the road to civil and religious liberty, intelligence and heroic endurance will never pass away, they will stand as long as time shall endure as an example to us and all coming generations.

Our former Vice-President, Fairbanks, has well said:

“True patriotism can be shown in no better way than for the people in times of peace to turn aside from their allotted tasks and render tribute to their heroes by erecting monuments that shall convey to the future its lessons of true patriotism.”

MARY E. BAKER.

SPRINGFIELD, VT.

EARLY EXPERIMENTS IN PAPER MONEY IN AMERICA

THE silent sermon preached to the people of this Commonwealth by the shaft entrusted to our care, has for its text, not only the events which happened on the 17th of June, 1775, but the preliminary experiences which led up to these events and caused the formation of opinions which made them possible. We are familiar with the indignation aroused by the attempts to impose direct taxes upon the Colonies, but the page of history which chronicles the financial experiences of the province during the eighteenth century is not so well known. Of the parliamentary legislation connected with one of these experiences, the Land Bank of 1740, John Adams said, "The act to destroy the land bank scheme raised a greater ferment in the province than the Stamp Act did." What impelled these men to battle on the 17th of June, 1775, is as well worthy of our consideration as what they did on that day, and the belief that the story of the Land Bank was closely enough connected with the indignation which led to hostilities to entitle it to our consideration, led me to submit a brief description of that affair to the society a few years since. To-day I ask your attention to an account of the birth in America of the ideas embodied in the Land Bank scheme. The two are directly associated and the line of connection can be easily traced. It may help us to understand the energy and the enterprise of our ancestors and to appreciate their resistance to domination.

The universality of the use of paper money throughout the civilized world and the extraordinary power of credit in its various forms are so familiar with us that we seldom give thought to the fact that the basis upon which our financial affairs stand to-day has underlying it only about two centuries of experience, in the development of which the early settlers of Boston may claim to have been pioneers. I do not mean to assert that their financial experiments had weight in European circles, but simply to call attention to the fact that the emissions of bills of public credit in

—Address delivered before the Bunker Hill Ass'n, Boston.

Massachusetts, in 1690, anticipated by several years the first attempts made in England in the use of paper money. Furthermore, I should say, notwithstanding the statements made by many writers as to the prior emission of bank bills by certain Continental Banks, such as the Bank of Amsterdam and the Bank of Venice, that until some of the bills emitted by these banks can be produced, it is a fair presumption that the so-called paper of these banks was in reality merely the transfers of the bank credit given their depositors. If this be so, then the historical value which one would assign to the step then taken by our forefathers would be very great, even though their actions may have attracted but little attention at the moment.

The first organized effort to furnish a substitute for coined money in this country occurred in the fall of 1681, in the little town of Boston. The population of the place did not then exceed four thousand inhabitants. The commercial requirements of the business of the local merchants were commensurate with the size of the place, but small and insignificant as they were, there was not money enough for the current needs of the community.

From the outset the English had discouraged the export of sterling coin. The balance of trade being against the New England Colonies, the colonists were compelled to make use of any silver that they could get. In the main their wants were supplied by Spanish coins, brought into this country through the fisheries. The degraded condition of these coins was such that although they might and did achieve some denominational circulation in small transactions, they could only be made use of at their bullion value in affairs of consequence, and were, of course, only available on this basis for settlements with English creditors. Already efforts had been made to retain here some part at least of these coins by minting them into a currency, bearing the titles of pounds, shillings, and pence, the shillings of which contained only ninepence worth of silver; but the coinage of the Boston mint, although it could not circulate in England, had just as much bullion value as the same silver had when in the form of Spanish coins, and the effort of the colonists to retain the silver here by this means was frustrated through its availability in the adjustment of English debts.

All through the last half of the seventeenth century the English were restless under the restraints imposed upon their trade and commerce by the lack of adequate financial facilities, and many pamphlets were published throwing out remedial suggestions. Most of these propositions were purely academic, there being, in fact, at that time no professional bankers in England. The underlying idea that prevailed in some of them was that the coin of the realm might be gathered into a bank of deposit which should furnish to its depositors bank credit stated in terms of standard coin. Adjustments of accounts could then be made between merchants through the agency of the bank by transfers of bank credit. By this means the trouble arising from the clipping, filing, and sweating of the coin would be avoided, since the bank credit stated in standard coin alone would be made use of; the cost of transportation and the danger of theft while en route would no longer exist; the cost and delay of counting the money would be eliminated, and all fear of being deceived by counterfeits would be suppressed. These ideas were undoubtedly based upon a knowledge of what was being done by the Banks of Amsterdam and Venice, which were performing in their respective communities a service somewhat analogous to that described above.

In this form of a proposed bank the credit furnished the customer was based upon coin deposits. Still other propositions were made in which credit was to be furnished without making use of coined money at all. It was argued that there was no need for silver or gold. Lands and merchandise were more valuable and more available than precious metals. Moreover, the former could not be exported like silver and gold. A currency, therefore, based upon the security of lands would be even better than the precious metals themselves and use might also be made of merchandise as security for credit, if proper restraints and protection were thrown around such transactions. Still others conceived of the possibility of making use of individual credit by means of bills or notes of some sort, as an auxiliary or as a substitute for the coin then in circulation.

This discussion of propositions for the establishment of banks which should substitute bills of credit for coin found listeners on both sides of the Atlantic, and copies of some of the pamphlets then published in England can be traced to this country, while occasional references to the topic

which may be found in the correspondence of the period that has come down to us show that there were some here who took an active interest in financial speculation of this sort, even though the subject was complicated and the treatment obscure.

Among those in New England who thought and wrote concerning money and credit was John Woodbridge, a restless man whose career carried him now to the one side of the Atlantic, now to the other, and whose fortunes, when he was on this side of the ocean, were identified with the little village of Newbury. Here for a few years he filled the pulpit, and at different periods in those portions of his life which were passed on our shores, he represented Newbury in the general court as member of the house or as assistant.

One of the most imposing of the various publications of this period treating of financial topics was a folio volume published in London in 1650 entitled the "Key of Wealth," in which William Potter set forth his views upon bank credit and its availability as the basis of a paper currency, the emission of which would in his judgment increase trade, reduce interest, and remedy many of the evils under which England was then suffering from the inadequacy of amount and the degraded condition of its metallic currency. Potter was a personal friend of Woodbridge and the two met and talked over the subject in London. The principles inculcated in the "Key of Wealth" then took deep root in the mind of Woodbridge so that when he came back to Newbury and saw the sufferings of business men in the little village for lack of adequate medium of trade, it at once occurred to him that here was a chance to test Potter's theories in a small way.

Certain preliminary experiments instituted by him were made in 1671, an account of what had been done was apparently printed in 1674, and at some period during the progress of these events a scheme for a bank of credit was filed by him with the council of Massachusetts Bay. Following all this came an actual experiment at banking made in Boston in 1681 and 1682, which has left its traces upon our registries of deeds.

Of all this preliminary work, including even the experiment in banking in 1681 and 1682, nothing whatever was known until Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull, in the fall of the year 1884, made it the subject of a

communication to the American Antiquarian Society. Trumbull found in the Watkinson Library at Hartford, Connecticut, an eight-page publication, the leaves of which measure $7\frac{3}{4}$ by $5\frac{5}{8}$ inches, entitled "Severals relating to the Fund." This title may be paraphrased into "Certain facts in relation to a bank recently established in Boston and called 'The Fund in Boston in New England.'" Mr. Trumbull identified Woodbridge as its author, and by rescuing this unique publication from the oblivion of its repose upon the shelves of the Watkinson Library furnished us with the details of what was, historically, an experiment of very great importance. Had it been made in London it must have attracted attention. Made in Boston, its financial importance was insignificant, and except for the preservation of this copy of "Severals relating to the Fund," it might never have been appreciated or even understood. It is true that the mortgages on record in our registries of deeds might have suggested what the Fund was, but without some key to their meaning, they would have been difficult to interpret.

This eight-page pamphlet contains an account of the preliminary work to which I have just referred and winds up with a few of the rules of the proposed bank, the eighth and last page having at its bottom a catchword for the next page. This circumstance naturally led Mr. Trumbull to the conclusion that "Severals relating to the Fund" was a part of a larger pamphlet, of which only the first eight pages had been preserved, but it seems to me quite probable that in this copy we have all that has been given the public. The writer practically says that while engaged upon the preparation of a pamphlet describing the Fund he was obliged to interrupt the order of his material, in order (to use his own words) "to give an account of the publishing this undertaking sooner than intended." He alludes to some of the matter which he was obliged to "pass over to the 2d Sheet, page 9," as he terms it, from which it is evident that he still contemplated the further prosecution of his work at an early date in the future. Why this interruption and why this premature publication becomes evident when we take the dates connected with these events into account. We are helped in forming an opinion upon this point by the publication of the twelfth volume of the Suffolk Deeds, which at the time that Mr. Trumbull wrote had not appeared. In this volume we find mortgages running to the trustees of the Fund, and one running to the same parties is to be found in the records of the Middle-

sex registry. The transactions represented by these various instruments were insignificant in amount. The importance of their discovery consists in the fact that they demonstrate that the organization of the Fund was not only fully effected, but that the company actually transacted business. It is quite likely that the loans upon personal property, of which we have no record, were larger by far than those secured by mortgages of real estate, but whether that be so or not, we have here evidence that the Fund was at work in Boston in 1682 supplying credit to those who would comply with its rules. The dates of these mortgages show that the Fund was strated in the fall of 1681, and the publication of Woodbridge's work "sooner than intended" would indicate that a partial success justified an appeal to the public through a prospectus, to furnish which the first part of Woodbridge's proposed pamphlet was launched.

Potter's notion apparently was that that individual credits might be established in some central institution, which credits should circulate in some form, as a relief for the scarcity of money. This theory was evidently based upon the experience of the Bank of Amsterdam. It was well understood at that time that credits of individuals in that bank could be purchased upon the Dam at Amsterdam, and quotations of what was termed bank credit were easily obtainable. Woodbridge evidently worked along the same lines as those suggested by Potter, and made provision for the emission by the Fund of what were termed change-bills.

These apparently were emitted to depositors in the Fund and were practically certificates of deposit which could be transferred in lots to a single acceptor of credit, or could be used with a number of persons whose aggregate claims did not exceed the amount of the change-bill. In this latter case the treatment of the change-bill much resembles what takes place to-day when we settle an account through the agency of a letter of credit. The person who accepted the Fund credit simply endorsed on the change-bill the amount thus accepted, the transfer of which to his own name was still to be effected before he in turn could use it himself. The credit value of the change-bill was reduced of course with each endorsement thus made.

ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS.

BOSTON.

(To be continued)

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XIII

THE SQUAW CAMP.

A swampy lair, walled round with sullen hills,
Whose jagged rocks upheaved their splintered crests,
Frowning above the fray of wrestling limbs below;
A wild morass, whose tangled thickets hid
The blessed sunshine from its oozy pools,
Save where some grassy tussock, cinctured by a rill,
O'er which the fragrant birch and spicewood drooped,
Let down the quivering light upon its floor.

MS. Poems.

THE above lines describe, not inaptly, the scene to which the wounded prisoner had been carried for safety and seclusion. The lodge in which Greyslaer lay helpless upon the bed of pain, stood, among several others in the wilderness, remote from the station where the warriors of the Mohawks were collected ; and, from the pleasant murmur of female voices, and cheering call of children at play, which met his ear when returning strength enabled the wounded officer to be more observant of things around him, he soon became aware that his present domicile must be none other than the "Squaw Camp," of Thay-endanagea ; a lonely fastness where, in time of war, the women and children of his tribe were sequestered for safety.

Eager to catch at anything to vary the monotony of slow convalescence, and prompted by that thirst for sunshine and the breeze which gives such a yearning to the sick man's spirit, Greyslaer would fain have expressed his desire to be lifted out in front of the lodge. But, ignorant of the Mohawk language, he found some difficulty in making the old squaw, who, as his only nurse, affected to regulate all his movements, understand his wishes. Her consent to the step, however, was obtained without any great difficulty, and she transported the invalid beyond the porch by dragging his pallet of skins, with the patient upon it, to the outside of the wigwam.

A rivulet, bounded upon the opposite side by a wall of vines and briers, which in their turn were overhung by tall aspens, intermingled with the swamp-ash and dusky tamarack, rippled against the mossy thickets beyond. The hummock whereon the cluster of wigwams which formed the camp had been raised, seemed to afford the only spot firm enough for such a purpose amid the spongy and quaking morass that spread around on every side. And this grassy esplanade was so limited in extent, that a clump of witch-elms growing in the centre cast their drooping branches nearly to the middle of the stream that bathed the wild flowers on its edges.

Beneath one of these trees was collected a group that instantly arrested the earnest gaze of the captive officer. A merry crew of children, which seemed to have been confided to her care, were playing with a large, solemn hound that reposed at the feet of a slim Indian girl. The girl, leaning against the tree, with one pretty foot upraised upon its straggling roots, sat weaving a baldrick of silk and wampum, whose gaudy strings lay partly on the green sod beside her, and were partly held in long beaded cords by a noble looking woman that stood behind her, playfully twining the gay tassels in the raven locks of her companion. The face of the larger and more commanding maiden was averted from his gaze when her person first caught the eye of Greyslaer; but her snowy hand, resting for a moment upon the nut-brown neck of the Indian girl, sufficiently revealed to him the neighborhood of one of his own race and colour; perhaps a countrywoman; perhaps, indeed—he could scarcely repress a cry of joy at the thought of the bare possibility—perhaps Alida! The proud and commanding mien—proud, even though something mournful in her air was blended with the half sportive act in which she was engaged—was surely that of Alida. The same dejection or listlessness of manner, call it which you will, it was true, might characterize any female captive so situated; but the scenes which Miss De Roos had recently passed through would best mark her as the victim of present melancholy.

So Greyslaer thought, and the surmises were almost ripened to a certainty when he looked again at the hound. He thought he beheld in him the cause of an outcry which had been more than once raised near his cabin, as the shrewish squaw beat off a dog that from day to day persisted in thrusting his nose under the blanket which formed the door, and smell-

ing round as if in search of an acquaintance. The invalid had himself noticed the intrusion as pertinacious, but believed the offender to be merely one of the wolfish mongrels that hung round an Indian camp. It was like recognizing an old friend to discover his mistake. "Brom!" he called in a low voice; the hound raised his ears. "Brom!" he repeated, in the same suppressed tone. The dog shook off the urchins that beleaguered him as he sprang to his feet and looked anxiously around. "Brom, my poor fellow!" said Greyslaer, somewhat louder, and the hound bounded upon him, devouring him with caresses.

"Down, sir, down," he cried, extricating himself with difficulty from this overpowering outburst of affection, and turning to look for the fair mistress of the animal. But Alida, if it were indeed she, had disappeared on the instant; and the Indian girl, collecting her work together, was preparing to follow her companion.

The wounded Greyslaer, whose situation prevented his moving, was filled with grief and vexation when, unheeding every gesture by which he attempted to arrest her attention, the Indian girl also flitted from the spot. He sank back, exhausted with agitation, upon his couch of skins; and believing almost that his fevered senses had deceived him, turned the next moment to look for the dog, to see if he too had been spirited away. The hound had couched down a few yards off, where he sat watching his new-found acquaintance. He wagged his tail, and approaching as he caught an encouraging look from Greyslaer, proved, by rubbing his cold nose against the hand of his friend, that he at least was a substantial thing of earth.

"Why, old Brom, are you still true to your mistress' friend, while she flies his presence as if he were an evil spirit?"

The dog looked as if he had every disposition in the world to comprehend what was said to him, but, like most dogs who fail in such endeavor, gave no reply.

"But here comes my termagant nurse, and you must walk off, my poor fellow."

As the youth spoke he warded off a blow which the truculent dame aimed at the hound with a stick which she seized from the ground, and

which Greyslaer, snatching from her hand, shook at her in a threatening manner, to show his displeasure, before casting it into the stream near him. The worthy Brom, meanwhile, either understanding the last words which had been addressed to him, or unwilling to create scandal by causing a domestic broil in Greyslaer's establishment, wisely abstracted himself as fast as his legs could carry him. It is a curious fact, that a well-bred dog, who has been happy in his associations with the polite of our species, will never fly at a woman or child; and Brom, though he preferred running to fighting in the present instance, curled his tail so erect upon his retreat, that no suspicion could attach to his valour. Turning round when he had gained a discreet distance from the virago, he paused for a few moments, and looked back upon her with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger before taking up the lazy trot with which he finally disappeared behind a remote wigwam of the group.

The young officer was not at a loss to account for the conduct of the white lady in *apparently* avoiding him, if he were here a captive like himself. But, assuming her to be such, he could conceive no satisfactory reason for her discouraging every kind of communication between them. Yet such seemed really to be the case when, a few days after his first transient glimpse of her person, his eye again encountered her figure, as, with the luxurious laziness of an invalid, he loitered in the cool shade, musing upon his situation. His strength, which had rapidly improved within the last few days, enabled him now to move toward the lady; but the eager cry with which he pronounced the name of "Alida" warned her of his approach; and its earnest and anxious repetition only added quickness to the speed with which she eluded his pursuit.

The dispirited Greyslaer began now to doubt whether or not the fair captive, for such both the dress and complexion proclaimed her to be, were really Miss De Roos. And yet, while it would be equally strange for any other of his countrywomen to practice a similar avoidance, considering the situation of both parties, and how much a good understanding between them might tend to facilitate their mutual escape, the circumstances under which Alida had been carried off, and the presence of her favorite dog in company with the mysterious maiden, seemed sufficiently to prove that the white lady could be no other than Miss De Roos.

Another suspicion which passed through the mind of Greyslaer was hastily dismissed as unworthy both of Alida and himself, considering the perils which he had encountered to restore her to her friends. It was, that the coldness with which she had ever frowned upon his boyish suit actuated her conduct in their present situation. "She is unwilling," said he, bitterly, "to receive succour at my hands. Nay, she is indifferent to the disaster which has overtaken me in attempting to rescue her; and regardless, perhaps, as to what may be my fate as a wounded prisoner in the hands of these savages; and yet she lacks not humanity! Surely, am I less than naught to her?"

We have said that Greyslaer repelled these unworthy suspicions, and so he did, indignant that a thought demeaning to his mistress should have found a place in his mind, much less shaped itself into words. He repelled it, but in vain, for the same ungenerous thought recurred again and again, with withering effect upon his already depressed spirits.

Alas! what a blight does that thought bring over a young, ardent, ingenuous mind! The thought that it hath lavished its wealth of loving upon one who not only can make no return, but who cares not, recks not how prodigally the treasures of the heart may be wasted; who regards the most generous sacrifices of disinterested feeling as mere incense upon the altar of vanity; who derides the idolatry of true affection, and holds the deepest throes of devoted passion but as idle sallies of youthful extravagance that have no claim upon her sympathy, that can never awaken her gratitude! Such, however, is too often the recompense of the misplaced affection that knows not how to conceal or regulate its own overflowings.

Ingratitude, however, is not, therefore, the special fault of the sex! It is human nature, not woman nature, which sets lightly by a homage which has never been solicited, and which is paid without stint! And when that homage is pertinacious and unseasonable, it becomes irksome and offensive. The attentions of love that we do not reciprocate, however pleasing to our vanity at first, cease to flatter when passion increases to infatuation. The idolatry which springs from too extravagant an appreciation of our character or personal qualities, seems akin either to folly or madness, and we no longer value the good opinion which is

the offspring rather of a heated fancy than of a judgment which we can respect.

But though these chilling laws of reasoning human nature admit of but little mitigation, yet Alida de Roos was of too magnanimous a spirit to apply them in full to one who loved her, if not wisely, yet with all truth and nobleness; and seeing in her youthful admirer all the qualities to awaken a sister's tenderness, she mourned his infatuation with a sister's sorrow. Love him she thought she never could, even if her heart had not been preoccupied by an emotion that closed it completely against such a sentiment. Her haughty and aspiring mind had hitherto detected no qualities in Greyslaer's character which could touch it to gentle issues. It was only as the refined but visionary student, the romantic cherisher of vain and speculative dreams, such as float around a young enthusiast who knows the world through books alone, that Greyslaer had hitherto appeared to the lady of his love. The play of his polished fancy, the allurements of his cultivated intellect, had interested her in studying the character of a stripling who, some months her junior, and continually thrown in her society as the most intimate friend of her brother, did not, unnaturally, attract her kindly regard. But while, with less mental acquirement upon her own part, Alida perhaps overestimated that of which Greyslaer could boast, yet her esteem for his talents and accomplishments was full as nearly allied to pity as to admiration. She admired the qualities in themselves, but she thought that their possessor, in this instance, was deficient in the power to make them useful either to himself or to others. She thought the character of Greyslaer was wholly unsuited to the country and the circumstances amid which his lot was cast. He possessed the requisites, among other scenes and other times, to grace a fortune or uphold an honorable name; but he lacked the stirring qualities to win either by his own exertions. He was, in a word, one whose impracticable, feeble, or misapplied energies doomed him to mediocrity in life; a mediocrity which, by the comfortable respectability that she believed would attend it, gained nothing in the eyes of a woman whom poverty or peril would never have prevented from sharing the destiny of the man she loved.

'Twas strange! yet the acute-minded Alida de Roos seemed never

to dream that the wild devotion which the student bore her was what absorbed all the salient energies of his soul; that she was the bond that kept its pinions from mounting; that idolatry for her alone had robbed ambition's shrine of Greyslaer's worship; that love—love only—all-absorbing, all-devouring love, had delved the grave in which his youth's best promise was swallowed up!

The bitter reflections of the lonely prisoner were destined to a more early and agreeable relief than he had anticipated. An hour or more had passed away, and Greyslaer still sat beneath the weeping elm, now moodily gazing upon the stream that twinkled through the bushes near him, and now casting a fierce and impatient glance upon some lounging Indian, an aged or broken-down warrior of the band, who had been left by the chief for the nominal protection of the camp. At last an object of more agreeable interest presented itself in the shape of Brom, the stag-hound. Greyslaer had not seen the dog for some days; and surmising that the friendly animal had been kept out of his sight by design, he was at once struck with the peculiarity of his conduct now, as the hound, instead of bounding eagerly forward to fawn upon him, exhibited the coolest indifference to the call of his friend. The sagacious Brom went wandering hither and thither, smelling idly along the ground, and, though gradually coming nearer, making his approaches after such a careless fashion, that Greyslaer was in doubt whether the brute knew him or not. He whistled, and again called him by name; but the dog, raising his head, looked vacantly around him, and then resumed his course, without adding either to the rapidity or directness of his steps. At last, getting within a few yards of his friend, the worthy Brom appeared to be for the first time aware of his neighborhood, though not until he had first passed by, and, as it seemed, thrown a chance look over his shoulder, which induced him to turn and come gravely forward, as not wishing to cut an old acquaintance by design. Amused with the "airs" of the dog—for in happier days Greyslaer had frequently seen him put on the same whimsical dignity for less cause than might have given Brom offense at his last visit to the wigwam—the young man took the head of the hound in his lap and patted it kindly. Brom only acknowledged the caress by rubbing his head against the knees of his friend, as if his collar were too tight for him; and, placing his hand under the clasp to loosen it, Greyslaer felt

beneath it a scroll of birch bark, whose smooth and flexible texture allows it to be written upon and folded like paper. Agitated with joy at the discovery, the surprise of the youth did not, however, prevent him from instantly concealing the missive in his dress; while the wise Brom, apparently contented with the interview, went smelling and loitering on his way around the camp, as if his tour was one of idleness altogether.

The note, as read by Greyslaer the moment he had attained the interior of his lodge, from which his quondam nurse and present amiable housekeeper was happily absent, contained only these words, written with charcoal:

"An hour after midnight, be near the fallen sycamore which crosses the brook within a few paces of your wigwam. The Indian girl will conduct you to an interview with

A. D. R."

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

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